



All Unite in Endorsing

The written tributes from many grateful thousands to whom Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey has proved a most beneficial aid in restoring digestion, in producing greater vitality, in making nerves sounder, and as a help in regaining new strength, is a most conclusive chain of evidence. For over fifty years, in all wasting and diseased conditions, doctors have prescribed and relied on Duffy's to build up, to brace up and to tone up the system, and are continuously gratified at the uniformly good results secured. Its absence from any family medicine chest is an oversight that should be corrected at once if you would be prepared for all emergencies.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

Made for medicinal purposes only, of carefully selected grain, thoroughly malted, including barley, one of the most expensive and nourishing of grains, it is of a higher standard of quality than is required by the U. S. Pharmacopoeia. The harmful elements in ordinary beverage whiskeys are taken out by repeated distillations in refining—that's why. Taken as directed, Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is a sure and reliable remedy in the prevention and treatment of coughs, colds, bronchitis, pneumonia, throat and lung troubles.

Health and Strength Restored

"Before taking your wonderful preparation, I could not eat, and when I did, I could not keep food on my stomach; but thanks to Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, I can now eat heartily and I have increased over 35 pounds in weight in the past six months, which is the length of time I have been taking Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. I now weigh 148 pounds, and I attribute my recovery of health and weight to Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey."—Miss Kitty Howard, 290 Tillary Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enjoys Good Health at 89

Mr. John Henley, Sr., of Henley, Mo., in a recent letter said: "I have been using Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey for the past 9 years and I have been enjoying good health. I am 89 years old and I can not say too much in favor of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, which is a good medicine."

Excellent in Emergencies

"I first used Duffy's three years ago at Sydney, Australia, at the Royal Theater. I was playing a very trying and difficult part which taxed my vitality, and the manager of the company had a bottle in his grip and he insisted on my trying it, and I found it gave me strength to complete the act. I take great pleasure in recommending it where a stimulant is necessary. It is excellent in emergencies."—Madeleine Illington, 133 E. 15th St., New York City.

Strong and Healthy at 102

"I have used Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey a good many years, and I find it gives me great strength and a good appetite. I am now 102 years old and in very good health for one of my years."—Mrs. Mary A. Simpson, 333 De Graw St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Best Medicine He Ever Used

"I can truthfully say that Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey has done me a lot of good—more good than any medicine I ever tried before. We are never without it and use it whenever we feel the need of it. It is surely a medicinal whiskey and worthy of all that you claim it to be."—Wm. Anderson, Sr., 283 Prospect St., Perth Amboy, N. J.

Suffered for Five Years

"I suffered for five years with a very bad form of bowel trouble and could get but slight temporary relief. I was induced by a friend to try Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. The result was marvelous. I am feeling fine and strong, and many more may use your splendid product and be restored to health again."—Fred O. Smith, 14 Linwood Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Be sure you get the genuine Duffy's. At most druggists, grocers or dealers, \$1.00 a large bottle. Valuable medical booklet and doctors' advice free if you write The Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y.



Reduced fac-simile of bottle.



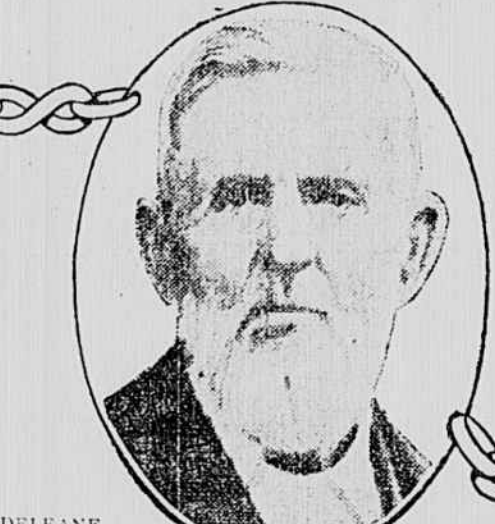
MRS. MARY A. SIMPSON.



MR. WM. ANDERSON, SR.



MISS MADELEINE ILLINGTON



MR. JOHN HENLEY, SR.



MISS KITTY HOWARD



MR. FRED O. SMITH

UNIQUE ACCESSION TO LIST OF PENSIONS

Magnificent Elephant of Name of Timouh Gets Award of \$500 a Year.

BY LA MARQUE DE FOTENOV.

THE pension list of the British government has lately received an extraordinary and, I may say, unique accession, in the award of a pension of \$500 a year for life, not to a member of the army or navy, nor yet of the civil service of the crown, but to a magnificent elephant of the name of Timouh.

As he is but thirty years old, and elephants attain the age of a hundred and even more, there is every prospect of his costing the British Treasury some \$16,000 before he departs for that happy jungle to which all good elephants go when they die. For he is a very good elephant, and well deserves this honor, alone of its kind in the annals of Great Britain.

He is the elephant which bore the Viceroy of India and Lady Hardinge on the memorable day, something over a year and a half ago, when an attempt was made on their lives at Delhi by means of a bomb. They were making their official entry into the ancient capital of the Moguls, through the densely crowded streets, in a gorgeous procession in which some 500 elephants, each bearing British or native dignitaries, took part.

The perpetrators of the outrage had evidently assumed that when the bomb, which was thrown from the balcony or parapet of the house along the route, hit its mark, the viceroy, elephant, terrified by the explosion, and undoubtedly injured thereby, would be seized with panic, would communicate it to the other elephants, and that there would be wholesale destruction of British officials, which was wished for, and of native life, which was a matter of indifference to the murderers.

The bomb burst on the back of the viceregal howdah, blowing into fragments the two native attendants standing like footmen at the back of Lord and Lady Hardinge, the severed foot of one of them falling over the shoulder of Lady Hardinge into the howdah. The Viceroy was badly wounded in the back, and after exclaiming as if in surprise: "A bomb! How unkind of them!" became unconscious from shock, loss of blood, and muscular lacerations of an extremely painful character. Lady Hardinge, uninjured, retained her presence of mind, and, while supporting her husband, directed the means to lower him from the badly wrecked howdah.

In the midst of all this, with the shouting and the turmoil caused by the outrage, the elephant, drenched with the blood of the two native victims and of the Viceroy, also with his own blood, for his flanks and his back had been cut in every direction by splinters of the bomb, stood perfectly still, excepting that he swung his trunk to and fro as if in pain, and then raised it gently upwards toward the howdah, as if to encourage Lady Hardinge, and to tell her that she could rely on him. That is, at any rate, how Lady Hardinge and those near by interpreted the action of the elephant, who shared with her the honors of the day.

None of the injuries sustained by the elephant were mortal. His wounds have been entirely healed; and now he has been removed of all further work, and is to lead a life of ease for the

remainder of his existence, his own mahout and an assistant being assigned to devote their entire time to caring for him. Needless to add that he has become a particular pet of the Viceroy and of Lady Hardinge, who undoubtedly owe to him the preservation of their lives.

There is no shooting more difficult than that of pheasants, owing to the rocketlike character of their flight when scared into the air by the beaters. It is therefore no small feat for Emperor William to have brought down no less than 2,250 pheasants out of the 6,400 shot during his recent two-day stay at Konopischt, the favorite castle and estate of Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Bohemia. Konopischt is a grand old place, magnificently restored and arranged by the archduke, who is enormously rich, while the surrounding estate of great extent, literally swarms with game. When one reflects that the Kaiser is unable to use his left arm to support his gun, and depends entirely upon his right arm, the bag of pheasants which he made at Konopischt is altogether marvelous, and serves to strengthen his fame as one of the finest sportsmen in Europe, despite the physical handicap from which he suffers.

The refusal of the Socialist members of the Legislature of Oldenburg to rise from their seats when listening to the speech from the throne of the Emperor, Germany, by announcing occurred under the reign of his father and predecessor. The late Grand Duke Peter made no concealment of his sympathy with most of the Socialist doctrines. He was a liberal contributor to many Socialist undertakings and publications, and an interested reader of all the Socialist literature.

As most of the Socialist publications were in Switzerland, and also in England, were confiscated by the German postal authorities whenever found, and denied transmission by the German mails, he was wont to send to the publishers large and small envelopes bearing his name, and stamped with an intimation that they were on grand-ducal business, so that the literature might reach him, therein without inspection by the postal authorities.

The Duke of Cumberland—that is the title by which the ex-Crown Prince of Hanover must henceforth be known, since he has surrendered his rights to the throne of Brunswick to his only surviving son, who has just taken possession thereof, and who is married to the Kaiser's daughter—has just done an act most popular throughout Germany, by announcing the transfer of all the world-famous "Guelph Treasure" from his palace at Gmunden, in Upper Austria, to Brunswick, that is to say, to Germany.

The treasure of the ancient and historic house of Guelph is of absolutely priceless value, from an intrinsic as well as from a historic point of view. It was founded by Henry the Lion, the Crusader Duke of Brunswick, and comprises all sorts of jewels and treasures of an ecclesiastical and of a secular character, which he brought back to Germany from Constantinople, and from the Holy Land. It has been added to by each Duke of Brunswick, who has followed Henry the Lion, during the 500 years which have elapsed since then, comprises all sorts of loot from cathedrals, churches, monasteries and convents from Italy and Sicily, ac-

Future Son-in-Law of President Spent Time on Coast of Labrador



Francis Howes Sayre (on right), who will wed Miss Jessie Wilson, the President's daughter, at the White House November 25; Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, noted Labrador missionary-physician, who will act as best man, and one of Dr. Grenfell's ships seen through a hole in a mammoth iceberg. Mr. Sayre spent two summers in perilous duties with Dr. Grenfell.

quired during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, of warfare between the Guelphs of Este and the Ghibellines—warfare which may be said to have kept all Southern Germany and Italy in a constant condition of turmoil and warfare for 300 years; no less than 100,000 lives being sacrificed by it alone in one single year.

Marvelous to relate, the treasure was always added to, never dispersed in order to raise money, nor plundered by foreign foes. It escaped the French

invaders at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and also the Prussians more than half a century later, and in 1867 was looted by the late blind King of Hanover to the Imperial Austrian Museum, at Vienna, where it remained until his son, the Duke of Cumberland, caused it to be removed to his palace at Gmunden, for safety, owing to pretensions put forward by the late Prince Albert of Prussia, as the regent of Brunswick, to its possession.

THRILLING TIMES ENJOYED BY SAYRE

Future Son-in-Law of President Wilson Acted as Assistant to Dr. Grenfell.

HOBBY IS HUNTING BIG GAME

Combines Interest in Human Affairs With Love of the Wilds.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

New York, November 15.—"Mr. Francis Howes Sayre, Adventurer"—that might well be the title of a stirring novel of the out-of-doors describing the two thrilling summers which the fiancé of the President's daughter, Miss Jessie Wilson, spent on the Labrador coast helping Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell in his wonderful work of assisting the forlorn fishermen of that bleak and ice-bound region.

The man who will soon be a President's son-in-law is one of those young college graduates of grit and stamina who have been honored by being allowed to act as assistants to the famous English missionary-physician. Dr. Grenfell will now repay aid so received by acting as best man—that silk-hatted relic of what was once the chief spearman in the bridegroom's raiding party—at the coming ceremony in the White House.

Another member of the band of stern and tried young men who form the Grenfell alumni is young Dr. Scoville Clark, once a Yale wrestler, who will officiate as one of the ushers at Mr. Sayre's wedding.

A study of Mr. Sayre shows in him more the characteristics of Theodore Roosevelt than of Woodrow Wilson. He combines the intense interest in the life of the human race with a love of the wilds, which marked Mr. Taft's predecessor.

Not Easy to Interview. But to get the assistant of District Attorney Whitman to talk of his hairbreadth escapes—that is altogether a different matter.

"Oh, yes, I went to Labrador for two summers with Dr. Grenfell—worked on board the *Strathcona*, one of the doctor's ships, and did hospital work mostly. I kept as pretty busy."

"But, Mr. Sayre, didn't you have some adventures? Didn't you ever have your boat upset in the icy water, or get lost in the wild back country?"

"Adventures—oh, yes, adventures—well, we did have some interesting times, but nothing to tell about." "Couldn't you tell us a little, Mr. Sayre? What sort of dangers did you run?"

"Well, once we ran out of food in Newfoundland. We had a pretty hungry time, but we got out all right. I tell you something about the bureau for abandoned wives and babies which I run."

And the adventures are still untold. Mr. Sayre does admit, however, that his hobby is hunting big game. And he has been a cowpuncher—rode a cow pony long before he graduated from William's College in 1909.

He looks as hard as nails—that is the only expression to cover it. He is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and is alert and on the jump mentally every minute. One can almost see his keen eye training

through the sights of a rifle on a large polar bear.

Dr. Grenfell speaks highly of him—indeed, the courageous physician, who has devoted his fortune and life to the inhospitable coast where the fishing villages cluster in nooks of towering cliffs, is very fond of all the young men from Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other institutions of learning, who have devoted months of their young manhood to furthering the Grenfell cause.

Mrs. Grenfell, too, that courageous young American woman who married the physician with the knowledge that most of her existence would be spent among ignorant, poverty-stricken people of the North, is a great friend of Mr. Sayre. Mr. Sayre is a member of that limited and selected group of close friends of Admiral Henry, such as George Borup, the young Yale cross-country runner, who was Peary's official photographer on the dash, which resulted in the discovery of the Pole, and who was later drowned in the sound. Borup spent some time in Labrador as a Grenfell aid. Sayre came back from Labrador with Peary aboard the *Roosevelt*.

"And it is a curious fact," says Mr. Sayre, in recounting this last fact, "that the admiral told me I bore a strong resemblance to President Wilson. Peary was the first to note this, but not by any means the last."

When the story of Grenfell and his friends on the northeast coast is finally written in full—if it ever is—Mr. Sayre's name will undoubtedly appear in some prominence. It will figure with the names of the college graduates who have taken little craft from the States north along the coast to Dr. Grenfell's missionary field in order that the often-wrecked fleet of the good doctor might be replenished.

Practical Work. Of Dr. Grenfell, little need be said. He is well known by his own books and lectures, for one thing. It is now many years since he first left England to devote his life to the fisher folk.

From his headquarters at Battle Harbor he makes trips of hundreds of miles into the frozen North. Until he took up the work, men and women lived and died in Labrador without ever so much as seeing a doctor, or a church.

His first two hospital ships were wrecked. Of late his work has been much aided by the installation of little wireless telegraphy outfits on the fishing fleet. This enables the fishermen to call the doctor when one of them is desperately wounded, as often occurs in their dangerous life.

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